

# THE LADY AND THE LINER

By S. TEN EYCK BOURKE AND CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE



"She was listening again, as though frozen, her face paper white."

**T**HE officers of the Glasgow Lass didn't care much for the idea of a "young lady" wireless operator at first; but the third mate of the little passenger and freight liner, who usually looked after the wireless work, was left behind sick, and that made a quick switch necessary.

But it was the trouble off the Grand Banks that brought the human equation to the fore, when the Glasgow Lass, groping through the fog at half speed, side-swiped the sunken derelict.

It was a curious collision. Except for a crackling sound, barely heard on the bridge, like the chipping of an eggshell (when her garboard plates were loosened), the Glasgow Lass hardly knew she had met with an accident—until later.

Steering by dead reckoning, as she had for days, "somewhere between the Banks and Bermuda," as the skipper guessed it, the freighter went wallowing on her way westward, with her death wound working in her; though nobody guessed that, not even the Scottish skipper.

"Thanks be, we're full up of freight instead o' passengers this trip, or I'd worry," the lean-jawed little commander growled from the bridge, where he had stood watch fifty-two hours, and was still watching and vainly peering—"what with the smother, and we miles off our course maybe, and dependent on a girl operator and that weak-kneed wireless of ours!"

The skipper was right about the wireless installation. The freighter did not carry the most up-to-date wireless telegraph, such as the Princess Alice was equipped with,—the great white and gold liner that overhauled and passed them that very day, "homeward bound" for New York, with a thousand globe trotters waving greetings as the gray ghost fled past and vanished into the fog ahead.

**T**HE first sight of the big white passenger ship sent the Scot Captain bellowing from the bridge. "Here's our chance! Work that wireless machine and get our right latitude and longitude from her—we'll know where we are, anyway!" he told the mate, who was more than willing.

The first officer carried with him on duty and off the vision of the pretty girl in neat uniform jacket and little peaked cap with gold zigzag-lightning insignia pinned back on her curly head, and—

"Hullo! What's up?"

The wireless operator herself sprang past him on deck, waving frantically to the fleeing white liner.

"I knew it! She's too darn pretty—an' she knows someone aboard the Princess she neglects duty for!" the officer growled.

"Our wireless is broken down," the girl answered his muttering. "The storage batteries gave out. There's no power on to send a message."

It was too late to signal the Princess Alice, already

ken?" the commander interrupted, frowning.

Evidently the mate had been speculating on that same thing. "A relative—officer aboard," he said dryly. "The regulations of the liner would prohibit her sailing on the same ship—with a husband, say. Maybe money was an object—"

"Hum!" the skipper snapped. "You say the air's bad below, Mr. Carney? Sure we're taking no water?"

Mate Carney was sure; but the watchful commander of the Glasgow Lass preferred to take a view 'tween decks himself. Far forward in the reeking engine room he caught sight of a slender girl's figure, in natty uniform and cap,—Wireless Operator Ramsay, who knew that somebody had blundered in overlooking the waning power of the wireless, in the hasty change that made her sole operator aboard, and, for her own sake, was anxious to get the telegraph into working order.

She nodded brightly to the skipper. "The wireless will be working soon now. We can reach the Princess Alice up to a hundred miles or so, and I'll get our latitude and longitude from her," she said, swaying a little as she rose to her feet. "It's the awful air," she answered the skipper's unspoken question. "It has forced us to stop—so sickening—deadening—"

A dead gray pallor swept over the commander's own weatherbeaten countenance; but his answer came steady and harsh. "Take a breath, young leddie; but finish soon," he said. "I'd not keep a girl here, was there a wireless man aboard; but—"

The operator understood. Faint and weak she was; but she finished her work below, and indomitably made her way back to her telegraph key.

**N**OW, Chief," the skipper turned to the grizzled engineer, "I'll have a word wi' you!"

His harsh, low tones carried a sense of danger, which sent the white-faced seamen scattering as they crawled back from the overfreighted 'tween decks. The thumping of the bulkhead doors, coupled with the deadening vapor (fog or oil fumes), told a story that they were not slow to understand.

The wound the Glasgow Lass had taken from the sunken derelict was beginning to show its ugly head. It had come first in the vitiated atmosphere of the hold and the splutterings and slashings of water, inside or outside the steel skin of the ship. But the terror of leaking plates, below water line, an ordinary mishap in ordinary circumstances, was fraught with peculiar peril for the Glasgow Lass.

"It's the devil's work, Chief," the skipper growled: "not the leak—that's nothing—yet. It's the bags of cyanide in No. 2 hold. You've had one smell of it," he added dryly. "Heaven send we can keep it smothered!"

"Hydrocyanic gas—death to the lungs!" the engineer gasped. "That derelict ripped us, and the water wetted the cyanide of potassium—a hundred bags of it. 'Twill drive us off the ship!"

He was a brave man, Captain McNaughton of the

beyond the reach of code flags. The only thing to do, as Wireless Operator Ramsay said, having recovered from her agitation at sight of the white steamship, was to connect the wires with the dynamo. But the work of locating wires and recharging batteries was a long one. None of the officers had technical knowledge of wireless work, except to spell out messages received on the automatic recorder, and the Princess Alice had long since stopped trying to talk to the Glasgow Lass, while they were still at it.

"That Ramsay operator of ours is a good plucky one," the first officer remarked admiringly when he came up for a breath of fresh air on the bridge. "She's down in old Andy's steam box looking like a ghost in the bad air, and giving orders to the chief like a Port Captain—"

"What sent the lass up in the air at sight of that fancy steamboat, d'ye

Glasgow Lass, and he knew how to instil bravery into his men and mates; but he did not underestimate the peril. So long as the leak below grew no worse, so long as the swelling nitro gas remained banked up behind the forward bulkhead, they were fairly safe—and no longer!

"We'll not let a bit o' gas beat us, you and I, Chief!" he said. "But, Lord!—a hundred bags o' cyanide turning itself into sizzling vapor every minute now, like the wireless above is feeding itself with sizzling electricity! Give thanks for sma' mercies. The wireless is working—it'll fetch us help the while we smother that gas devil and trust to good oak to keep both deaths out o' the engine room."

Leaving the fighting line below, he clawed his way back to the bridge, and snapped out crisp orders, which were promptly followed by the crackling of the wireless spark in the aërials overhead,—a big blue fleck of brightness on the banked up ocean. He could hardly see the length of the ship. But the wireless was working—to the Princess Alice!

"We'll know where we are presently—and fast sailing company not far off," he told the wheelsman almost genially. "Thank God we've no women aboard, save the stewardesses and yon wireless lassie!"

Then, while the entire crew fought off death, keeping their own counsel, and the Captain hung over the canvassed bridge, waiting, there came through the thumping of the engines a sharp cry, quickly stifled; but the skipper, who knew every sound of his ship, and just then had cause to listen, heard it, and swung off the bridge.

"What's yon in the wireless," he said, "more woman's nerves? Or has she tried for help, and found more trouble off on the deep? Forfend!"

**F**ROM the wireless room the cry had come. Wireless

Operator Ramsay had been left there alone, much to her surprise, to carry out the Captain's instructions. But she forgot the mate's absence in tuning up her instruments and waiting for the working of the electric current. Meanwhile she adjusted the silver headgear with the telegraph receptors over her curls—somewhat disheveled now from her recent "steam bath."

She could almost laugh at her recent experience, now that everything was all right. Tentatively she sent up one or two weak sparks, then listened.

"Someone is talking now; but so faintly!" she murmured. It could never be the Princess Alice, the white liner, with her powerful thousand-mile wireless. "Anyway, it will grow stronger in a minute; then I'll talk to her—to him!" she corrected, with a happy little laugh.

Captain McNaughton and Mate Carney had been nearer the truth than they knew when they guessed that the Glasgow Lass's operator had a near "relative" on board the Princess Alice. It was the wireless chief of the Princess that Operator Ramsay had so despairingly waved to when the ships passed and the freighter's telegraph proved false to its trust. Husband and wife,—they had hardly become so when steamship regulations forced the two operators to cross the ocean on separate ships. That was the whole secret—save that the two had long worked side by side with the mysterious forces of the wireless, and the love that grew up between them was built on something deeper and more self-forgetting than the love of ordinary mortals—Wireless Operator Ramsay was sure of that.

"And now that we are only a few days from port—my last voyage!—we shall have a chance to try it out. Ah, I heard him that time! What—what was that?"

She sprang forward in the chair, exactly as if the electric wave had snatched her closer to hear those terrible crackling sounds that came over the wire—first weak, then swelling in crescendo, then settling down in a sort of terrible resignation, to the triple letters—S. O. S.

"The call for help! The Princess in trouble? Oh—no, no, no!"

That was the cry the skipper heard. He was standing in the doorway in his wet sea clothes, grimly watchful, and he came forward in a stride.

"Now, my girl, no hysterics! 'Tis no place for hysterics on a freight ship. The trouble now—I heard ye say it?"

She was listening again, as though frozen, her face paper white. He bent his gray head close to her, to catch the murmured words.

"It's the Princess—they're sending out the S. O. S.—I can just hear them. *All ships—hurry help—bad trouble. Prin. Al. fire in bunkers—latitude, longitude—*"

"Ay! I heard that, and I guess now where we are!" The skipper straightened up, a stern gray figure. "Fire in her coal bunkers, and it must have overmastered them. And we with—God's mercy! Can you hear none others answering her, Girl?"

He put out a restraining hand as she threw on the spark; but not until she had sent up a crackling volley



in answer to the liner in distress. In that one movement Wireless Operator Ramsay had thrown off her woman's weakness. It was the officer of the wireless now who answered the Captain's question.

"Yes, there is someone else; but they are answering my spark. I am sure they do not hear the Princess. It sounds like a code call—U.S.S.A. Rep. That's repeat—She wants our position—or the position of the Princess—"

"The United States navy warship the Salem! If that thirty-knot cruiser is in reaching distance, we're both saved. But wait a bit—wait, Girl!"

Wonderingly she looked up at him, her fingers trembling on the key. Operator Ramsay was trained to obedience; but there was something hard and foreboding in the skipper's gnarled and weatherbeaten face. There was a shuffling at the door, and he spun round, with his hand gripping the girl's shoulder.

"Aye, it's the chief! I expected ye, Andy. Out wi' the worst!" the Captain growled. "The gas has beat ye a'?"

The chief engineer, dripping oil and sweat, stood blinking in the strong light of the electric; other faces peered from behind him, wagging as the chief spoke.

"It's come, Captain—drove us off the job—all in one burst," the engineman said in a breath. "There's no living below, and no getting at the leak. It's up to the bridge officers now, Sir!"

"The mate came up with a rope round his middle—dead or dying."

"Aye, up to judgment—to me!" the tortured cry stilled them all.

It was a terrible situation that confronted the Captain of the Glasgow Lass, there in the brightly lit wireless cabin, with every sign of safety about, and as yet hardly a whiff of the deadly gas that was crawling up from below, driving the engine crew from their work, threatening to lay the freighter a dead ship in the path of whatever might blunder along—and little hope of that!

And there was that other ship—the Princess Alice, with fire in her bowels and a thousand passengers aboard—crying for help, somewhere off in the murky thickness. And the fastest cruiser in the American navy waiting up there in the north—he had caught the cruiser's position from the girl's murmured tones—ready to come to the help of either—the first one that called. Captain McNaughton stood scowling.

"Tis like we're in a triangle, as I figure it out,—the Salem on the top end, the Alice a hundred miles or less ahead of us, and we here. And the warship can hear only us. 'Tis a hard judgment—and I with women aboard, as well as she. What to do?"

Insensibly he was pondering aloud. The girl heard him, and snapped him up, hysterical from all this talk of death at sea. "Send her to the Alice, Captain—oh, let me tell the warship where she is!" He was still gripping her arm, and the wireless lay silent. "A thousand people," she said, "and we only a freight ship! How can you hesitate?"

"Because I have women aboard of my own; though 'tis only a few to a thousand," Captain McNaughton said sternly. "It is the man-made law of the sea: Save women first. That's the answer, Girl!"

From below came the rumbling of the engines, like the growl of the destruction growing imminent. Operator Ramsay knew now, as well as the white-faced men, that the Glasgow Lass was doomed. How, she did not know—her mind was full of fear for the Princess, for that young husband operator who was weakly calling to her—till the Captain spoke again. He had been hastily consulting with the chief engineer, and both men had doubt in their faces as they looked at the girl.

"It's a terrible death—by the gas," the Captain said slowly. "At best within the hour we'll be driven over the side—and the boats are dried out and leaky, if they live in the lop and the fog. The warship can pick us up—what there are of us—without stopping a moment. If she goes to the liner first, we all die of the delay. It is my duty to call her—for the sake of my women."

While speaking the skipper scribbled a memorandum on the pad before the wireless operator. The girl watched him with somber eyes, a curious smile coming into her face.

"And if I send the warship the position of the Princess Alice instead of ours?" she said. "None of you would know!"

"You'll not do that; for 't would be murder—by your hand, murder of all aboard," the Captain answered.

The girl's hand fluttered to her heart. He had put the judgment up to her—trapped her!

"And besides," the blundering chief put in, "we'd know from the automatic recorder in

yon glass case—Mercy on us!" The skipper had sprung at him, cursing; but at the same moment the girl's hand fell on the case of recording instruments. There was a jarring, silencing sound, and next instant she was facing them like a young tigress.

"Since you men think I'm not to be trusted, even to save my own life," she said, "it is fair to tell you that my husband is chief wireless operator on the Princess Alice! I am dooming him, maybe, to—"

"I suspected that—it is why I spoke as I did," the Captain said. "If the liner has fire in her bunkers, she has hours to live; while we of the Lass have but minutes—Aye, listen!"

A dull rumbling came up from below that was not the rumbling of the engines. The freighter lurched, creaking in every plate and rivet, as she rolled into the trough of the sea. Little by little the noise of the engines died down.

"The pounding will open her up—what the gas and water may do—we're a lost ship!" the old chief croaked. "At the mercy o' a woman's whim!"

The little operator was not listening, save to that faint, interminable call for help, like a man who ignores all else to squeeze the last volt of power from his instrument in hope of salvation for a thousand souls.

"It is terribly weak sending, and still it comes plainly, when you listen close—like a man whispering nearby—I cannot understand it!" The grip of the mysterious magnetic power was on her now, who had long been a professional, inured to danger and to calls of peril.

Frowningly she glanced at the pad, where Skipper McNaughton had noted the relative positions of the passenger liner and the freighter; the latter as close as he could figure it by dead reckoning and the day's run since they had sighted the liner.

"A hundred miles apart, maybe, and if the warship comes to us, the others must wait!" she whispered. "But we could never wait. God send that I do right—and forgiveness if I do wrong!"

Steady as the iron-nerved little Captain, Wireless Operator Ramsay reached down to the sending lever. As she did so the many noises of the Glasgow Lass died away in utter silence. The ship was a lumbering log in the sea lop, with the vapor of exploding, deadly gas welling from every deck aperture. Skipper McNaughton had told no lie—the Lass was beyond human help!

OUR position?" the girl said. "Oh, yes, I see! The warship would surely find us?"

"The God o' Mercies would send her straight—with her calcium light on the fog," McNaughton responded. "At least, Missy," some spirit moved the little Captain to cry out, "if you weigh lives in the balance, give both positions. Let her take her own choice!"

The spark crashed up, with a gasping breath in unison from the officers in the doorway. They did not fear for themselves, those rough men of the freighter, but for the women aboard that death moved over, the very woman whose slender fingers at that moment might be flicking away their lives—or saving them. "Twill depend on the weight o' love on the scales!" the chief had said.

"I have got the Salem. The warship can hear us, but not the Princess Alice," the girl was working the key, without looking up. "She is ready to 'come a running,' the operator says—"

"Then give them our position—and waste no more time, in God's name!"

The long sparks streamed up, with only that momentary hesitation.

"Latitude—" Operator Ramsay said, looking down at the paper—"and longitude—"

Not a man there could read the signals she sent out. Snapping off the key, she waited, nodded as some answering signals came; then she turned on them, a look on her face that none of the men could fathom.

"It is—done!" she said, swaying as she stood. "You'll have to take my word for what I sent, though. I—"

The Captain strode forward, peering. "Well, hang me if she didn't stop the automatic recording tape!" he said.

"So that we may not spell out the dots and dashes—there's woman's spite!" the chief capped him. "But know this, young leddy," the canny old engine man said, lifting his gnarled and wrinkled hand to the girl, "tis a terrible twisty-wise death, from gas, or fire, or choking. Send the warship's headed right!"

But the young lady operator of the Glasgow Lass had fainted.

WHEN the white American cruiser flashed out of the dwindling mist, a scant two hours later, she bore down on a

# CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

All Dealers.

50c. Attached.

The Heel With Nine Lives

Safety First

That Foster Plug prevents slipping.

Makes 'em wear longer.

That Foster Friction Plug stands between millions of people and dangerous, slippery sidewalks.

It prevents thousands of accidents. It makes Cat's Paw Rubber Heels wear longer than ordinary kinds.

But there are additional reasons why you should have all your shoes—old and new—equipped with Cat's Paw Heels.

Extra quality rubber, giving greater resiliency and longer wear.

No holes to track in mud or dirt.

Cost no more than ordinary kinds.

Black or Tan, 50c attached.

Foster Rubber Co., 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

## Dessert Book FREE



Let us send you the Knox Recipe Book, and enough KNOX Granulated Gelatine to make one pint—enough to try most any one of our desserts, puddings, salads or jellies, also ice cream, ices, candies, etc.

Recipe book free for your grocer's name—pint sample for a 2-cent stamp.

**KNOX GELATINE**  
211 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.

### HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

### 10 Cents a Day

Pay for This Cornet

1 day buys this superb Triple River Fluted Lyric Cornet. Free trial before you decide to buy. Write for offer.

**WURLITZER Free Band Catalog** Write for big 250-page Band Catalog. Includes bottom, direct-from-manufacturer's prices on all kinds of instruments. Pay at rate of a few cents a day. Generous allowance for old instruments. Free trial. We supply the U. S. Gov't. Write today.

The Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 2427  
44th St., Cincinnati, O. & Wabash Ave., Chicago

### STOP FORGETTING

Good memory is absolutely essential to success for Memory is Power. Test your memory! I will send you Free my Copyrighted Memory and Concentration Test, also Free illustrated book—How to Remember names, faces, studies—develop Will, Self-Confidence, Ready Speech and Thought. Write today. Address

Dickson Memory School 996 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

**SILK HOSE FREE THIS MONTH.** State size. Agents wanted. Splendid hosiery DIRECT FROM MILL. Large profits. Gift to every customer. **TRIPLEWEAR MILLS, 113 A. S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## Get Wholesale Price On Furnaces

Save \$25 to \$75. Ask for Free Blue Prints. Experts' advice. Every room warm. Coal bills cut. Write factory for Kalamazoo Furnace Book Mailed Free

We pay freight. Test furnace whole year on Money Back Guarantee. Payments at your convenience.

Ask for Catalog No. 959 Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs. Kalamazoo, Michigan



## Garage \$49.50

Genuine "Edwards." Ready-made, fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—\$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 329-379 Eggleston Av., Cincinnati, O.

### COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent.

Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

**The Landon School** of Illustrating & Cartooning, 1436 Schell Building, Cleveland, O.



**Wanted Traveling Salesmen** Experience unnecessary. Earn Big Pay while you learn. Write for big list of positions open and testimonials from hundreds of our students who earn \$100 to \$500 a month. Address our nearest office. Dept. 522 **NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION** Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco



## FREE A GREAT NEW MUSICAL WORK

ALL MANDOLIN AND GUITARDOM of Three Continents is set agog by the "GIBSON" Exclusive "GIBSON" Violin construction of Mandolin and Guitar.

Carved Top and Back: Stradivarius arching; scientific graduation from thick in center to a delicate thinness at rim, which simultaneously secures strength and sensitiveness and compels free vibration of entire sounding-board by extending the vibrational lines of least resistance clear to the rim. A tilted neck permits a high bridge on both Mandolin and Guitar, which with the extension string-holder secures vertical and increased string pressure sufficient to pulsate a larger and thicker sounding-board; thus producing a richness of tone never before realized. Relieves sympathetic vibration from the back-board, which additionally supports the tone. Necks are reinforced, and made non-adjustable. Guard-plates or finger-boards are elevated on all "Gibson" instruments. Easy action. Adjustable string-bearing at bridge overcomes sharpening of higher strings in upper positions.

active treatment of top and back secures sympathetic vibration from the back-board, which additionally supports the tone. Necks are reinforced, and made non-adjustable. Guard-plates or finger-boards are elevated on all "Gibson" instruments. Easy action. Adjustable string-bearing at bridge overcomes sharpening of higher strings in upper positions.

Get a "Gibson" on approval at as low as \$1.00 down and \$1.50 a month. (Only 3c. a day.) Costs you nothing to investigate. Besides, you want our new free superb book of 100 pages—90 cents—and subject-matter on instrument construction, orchestration, great American and European Artists and Orchestras; a terse compilation of virile truth. For the player and teacher of strings.

Also FREE Treatise, "HOW TO PRACTICE, WHEN AND WHY, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED." The greatest lecture in three decades on this specific subject.

Write today. If a teacher, do business on our capital. Stock furnished. We help sell. We pay the advertising. You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt." Catalogue and themeable list free. Enclose your card.

OPEN—A splendid, permanent teaching and business opportunity to the right teacher. Either sex. Write promptly. Other positions pending.

GIBSON MANDOLIN GUITAR CO.  
647 Harrison Court, Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

the virtuoso, for he knows the contrasting tonal effects, the rapid execution and all the other intricacies of technique will go forward to the audience just as he produces them. \* \* \* I most thoroughly believe in the superiority of the 'Gibson' construction.

**BECOME A NURSE**

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn \$10 to \$25 a week as nurses. Our graduates number 7000—a record unequaled by any institution. Send for "Becoming a Nurse"—248 pages with actual experiences. 4 illustrated lessons pages; free to inquirers.

There is a Chautauqua nurse in your vicinity. Ask her about our training. Her address and the above literature will be sent if you will enclose this advertisement.

**The Chautauqua School of Nursing**  
368 Main St. Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y.

**FASCINATING CROCHET DESIGNS**

For beginner or expert. Hundreds of clear, beautiful designs, by Sophie T. LaCroix, in the following books:  
No. 1.—Crochet Designs, pt. 1. No. 4.—Tatted and Braided.  
No. 2.—Crochet Designs, pt. 2. No. 5.—100 Lace Knives.  
No. 3.—3rd Series. (Order by No. and name.)

Include newest, scarcest, prettiest, oldest patterns with instructions. Postpaid 25c. silver or 30c. stamps, each.

ST. LOUIS FANCYWORK CO., Block 7 St. Louis, Mo.

Blacken your shabby tan shoes with

**Eddie's EVERLASTING Black Dye**

You would know they were once tan, but no one else would believe it. A permanent jet black dye for all kinds of leather goods—shoes, gloves, belts, pocketbooks, satchels, suitcases, and straw hats. Price 25c. at all shoe, drug and department stores—sent by mail, agents.

Wanted. E. JAY R. MFG. CO., Baltimore, Md.

**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED**

Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invest with list of inventions wanted and prices offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 8 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS That Protect and Pay**

Send Sketch or Model for Search.

BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

**PATENT IDEAS WANTED.** Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books: inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.

RICHARD L. OWEN, 38 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**A Fortune to the Inventor**

who reads and hears it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.

R. S. & A. LACEY, Dept. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**ORNAMENTAL FENCE**

40 designs—all steel. Handsome, costs less than wood, more durable. We can save you money. Write for free catalogue and prices.

KOKOMO FENCE MACH. CO.  
435 North Street, Kokomo, Ind.

smoldering white and gold passenger liner, the Princess Alice, alone on the foggy ocean, and sorely in need of help.

And help had come to the Princess in the right form! Like snowflakes, the cruiser's boats flung seaward from her side, bent on the rivalry of rescue and the salvation of a thousand souls. The liner's wireless was in ruins, wrecked by the fire below, almost as soon as she sent out her call to the Glasgow Lass.

"It was by God's mercy that we got her," the young wireless chief of the Princess said; "for we could make no one else hear."

"But where is the Glasgow Lass?" the cruiser Captain wondered. "She must have been close at hand to hear your weak call, when we did not. Why didn't she steam for you herself?"

The Captain answered his own question. His glance, questing eastward through the now lifting fog, picked up a smudge on the ocean. "Another ship afire!" he cried, snatching his glasses. "I believe it is the freighter herself—and if it is she needs help more than the Princess did! She's a dead ship in the trough of the sea!"

Packed with the passengers of the Princess Alice, the warship swung away on her new work of rescue. With warship precision the fast cruiser circled the lurching hulk of what was once the slow, but steady-going freight and passenger steamship Glasgow Lass, which had tagged in the wake of the white passenger liner, never dreaming that the proud Princess had broken down within a short hour after she had passed—was already carrying her own doom. Those explanations were to come. Now, with the three ships lying in sight of one another, the cruiser's boats sped again to the welcome work of rescue.

In the first of them went the young wireless chief of the Princess Alice. As he clambered over the freighter's side the Lass's own operator fluttered from the cabin, and fled, with a little smothered cry of joy, to his arms.

"How in Heaven's name—" Skipper McNaughton of the Glasgow Lass broke in on the cry of the cruiser Captain. "I suspected the little leddie gave you the latitude and longitude of the Princess; but



"With a smothered cry of joy she fled to his arms."

how in Heaven's name did we happen here?"

"Because you happened to be practically in the same position on the sea as the Princess, without knowing it, because of the fog—and you may be thankful for it!"

"God knows I am!" Skipper McNaughton said piously, and the gray old chief engineer beside him nodded. The skipper gave him a wrinkled smile. "And thankful I am for the love o' the woman, Andy, for a' that we said. But for that yon warship might be searching a hundred miles back yon on the empty sea—where we thought the Glasgow Lass was lying, when we prayed for help—for us!"

## ALL ON AN APRIL DAY

objected, measuring the box with his eye. "Let me make it deeper for you."

Her blue eyes searched his face. "You're not laughing!" she said. "You don't despise me?"

"God forbid!" he exclaimed under his breath.

He fell to work on the hole, which widened and deepened under his masterful hand. She laid the box in it. They stood together, looking down at what had been accomplished.

"I want to tell you something," he said gravely. "May I?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"Once upon a time I owned a puppy, a six weeks' old setter, with the silkiest ears and big, brown eyes. I loved him, as a boy will—as I've never loved anything since, perhaps." His tone was tinged with bitterness.

She stole a look at him from under her lashes.

"My father and mother died when I was a little chap," he went on, "and I—lived with an uncle."

"Oh!" she murmured, and swayed a little toward him, like a tall flower when the wind passes over it.

"My uncle was a hard man. He trained me to work—best thing for anybody. I've lived to thank him for it. But—he kicked the puppy out of his way one day and crushed its ribs. The little fellow died in my arms. At twilight I stole away and buried him. I've never spoken of it to anyone since."

"Ethelinda—was only a—doll," she quavered.

"Tomorrow," he mused; "and—the day after that—I shall come—every day."

A clear light of joy shone in her eyes. She made no effort to conceal it. "Then I will go back to Aunt Jane," she cried. "I sha'n't mind anything, if you—"

"I will!" he said, his voice low and vibrant, as if in answer to the solemnest question of them all.

ON the stroke of twelve Miss Jane Caldwell ate a solitary dinner with but scant appetite. "If I'd really done anythin' to complain of," she apostrophized the brown earthenware teapot in which she had just brewed a cup of the strong green tea she loved, "th'd be some excuse for her. But 't wa'n't my doin's—her gettin' up an' walkin' off the way she done."

The rhubarb pies stood untasted on the shelf, exuding tempting pink syrup about their crusty rims.

"She said she liked 'em, last time I baked," grumbled the spinster.

She washed her dishes and polished the cookstove till it shone, with more than her usual grim energy.

"No, Ma'am," she cogitated; "no more cookin' fer me t'day! Cold victuals is good enough for a girl 'at runs away f'om her folks that a way. Where on airth could she have gone?" she asked herself, as the loud-voiced clock on the mantel raspingly declared the hour. "Two o'clock a'ready! She don't know nobody round here. Land! I wisht I had a horse!"

The minutes dragged terribly after that. It seemed to Jane Caldwell that the wagging pendulum was repeating a malicious little phrase over and over again.

"Your fault! Your fault! Your fault!" it monotonously declared.

"Mebbe the child did set store b' that ol' doll," she mused. "The hired girl 'at worked fer ol' lady Selden said it used t' b' long t' Rose's mother. Melissa Selden never had no constitution ner git-up-an'-go. I told Nathan so when he married her. I s'pose Rose takes after her ma, in her ways. Course she can't help that. I wisht she'd come home b'fore I git t' worryin'."

"Your fault! Your fault! Your fault!" persisted the clock.

She went to the gate after awhile. Anything was better than the silent house, with its loud-voiced monitor. The white lilacs were all in blow, she noticed absentmindedly. Rose had asked only yesterday if she might bring some in the house, and she had refused crossly. "The' wa'n't no use," she told the girl, "in litterin' up the house with posies droppin' all over everythin'."

Where could the child be—Nathan's child? Suppose she never came back? Suppose—She caught her breath sharply. At the far end of the street—half hidden by swaying elm branches—but no, it couldn't be. There were two figures slowly approaching, —a man and—

She dashed a bony hand across her dim eyes, then turned with a smothered cry and darted into the house.

WHEN, half an hour later, Rose Caldwell walked slowly into her aunt's kitchen she found that estimable lady diligently sewing carpet rags in the rush-bottomed chair by the window, her spectacled gaze bent sternly upon her task.

"I—I came home, Aunt Jane," faltered the girl.

"Yes, I see you did," acquiesced the woman, clashing her big shears with a militant sound, as she severed a strip of scarlet flannel from a shirt of unknown but indubitably ancient lineage. "A pretty time of day!" she added, glancing up at the clock, which had resumed its normal activities.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Jane."

"H'm-m-m! Sorry is as sorry does," misquoted Jane Caldwell darkly.

She stole a sidelong glance at the girl, who stood half smiling by the open door, one hand resting lightly on the latch. It occurred (oddly enough) to Miss Caldwell that she looked like a bird poised for flight.

"Come in," she said shortly, "an' shut th' door."

The girl obeyed.

"Sit down—in that chair!" ordered her aunt, with a peremptory gesture.

She sat down in the indicated spot and gazed dreamily at her aunt. She was thinking that she was very, very sorry for Aunt Jane. Miss Caldwell's brown, wrinkled complexion, the pepper and salt knob on top of her gaunt head, her hard, bony hands and ungainly elbows,—she passed them all in review. Suppose she (Rose) looked like that? Suppose—but it was, after all, unthinkable! She set her white teeth on her red lips for an instant and put up one slim hand to touch the heavy wreath of yellow hair which had fallen upon her neck. Then she smiled brilliantly upon Aunt Jane.

"I'm sorry I was so—so childish this morn-

Continued from page 6